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CRY FOR MISSIONS

AND

A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

BY

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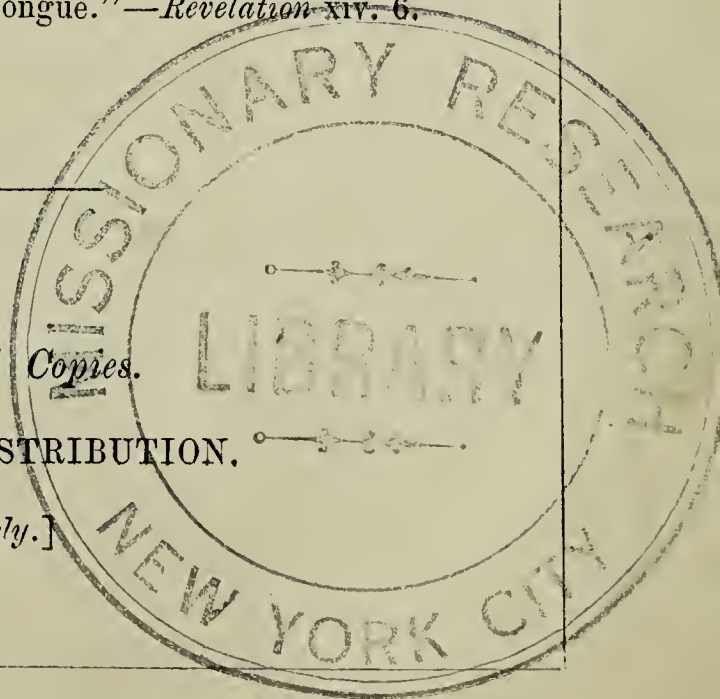
“And I saw another Angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the Everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the Earth, and to every Nation and Kindred, and Language, and Tongue.”—*Revelation* xiv. 6.

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A CRY FOR MISSIONS

AND

A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

I.

“SOME OF US IN THE PRESENT.”

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—*Matthew* xxvi. 40.

I. First comes the Idea “Guilty Leisure.” Are there no men and women in the Community, for whom God has provided in his bounty an Abundance, or a Sufficiency, and who pass through a long life of ease, and health, who have unemployed gifts, who do nothing for the Lord, who bought them? This is what is meant by “Guilty Leisure.” In France no substitutes are allowed to exempt from Military Conscription. Personal Service is required: there is something more valuable than Gold and Silver, and every Christian is bound to render this to the Home and Foreign Missions, or to both. How do some of our acquaintances get through their long tedious

days, sanctified by no labour, unenlightened by any interest? Have they done what they could?

II. Next comes the Idea "Inexcusable Ignorance." And yet this is an age of enlightenment, and the Missionary Societies flood the world with interesting information, but there are some who will not read them. The Sunday School is instructed in the details of St. Paul's Missionary Journeys, but knows nothing, or next to nothing, of the great work of the successors of St. Paul. And yet the Reports of Missionary Societies, and their Periodicals, are filled with greater interest than the most fascinating Romance, and have the advantage, or perhaps disadvantage, of being true. Perils by Land, Perils by Sea, Perils by Robbers, Perils by the Heathen, Perils in the City, Perils in the Wilderness, Perils among False Brethren: in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst: in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, besides the care of all the Churches: moving accidents by flood and field; disappointments and successes: triumphs and abasements: all these and more are to be found. As the narrative flows on in its simplicity, the narrow walls of the room seem to expand, and the reader is transported in thought, to the great cities of Asia, the inhospitable Regions of North America, and the vast deserts of Africa. *There* stands an honest God-fearing man, one of the reader's own race and kin and language, sent out to preach the Gospel by his Church, and is he not something in this cold, self-seeking, material age to be proud of? He has given up the prospect of wealth and honour, and ease, in his own country, and has gone out to endure hardship for the sake of the suffering,

the oppressed, and the ignorant: nor has he gone alone, for by his side there moves a form, scattering sweet flowers round his life in those God-forsaken regions, attracting to herself hearts by the strange sight of the Beauty of Holiness: they call her in their untutored accents an *angel*: he calls her, *wife*, who like Ruth will not leave him. Are such stories as these not worth reading? Is not this "Inexcusable Ignorance" as to the continuity of the Missionary Spirit from the time of St. Paul to the present hour?

Next come the words "Culpable Niggardliness." He has given us all, all that we possess in this World, all that we hope for in the next. Shall we not give something? Do we value the privileges, which we possess, if we do not assist to extend them to others. The free Anglo-Saxon on both sides of the Atlantic is not content to enjoy Freedom, but wishes to impart it to others. The Christian wishes the message of Salvation to be conveyed to the whole world. On the Clock of History the Hour for Missions has sounded. The Church, the Family and the Individual, who do not place the Duty of conquering new kingdoms to the Lord in the first line of their obligations, abdicate their position. Those who are most liberal to Home-requirements are not less forward in aiding Foreign Missions. Nor is it money alone that the Lord requires. What shall be said of those, who withhold personal service, if the Message come to them, that the Lord calls them to his Vineyard, if they find themselves in possession of talents, and leisure, and means, and opportunities? What shall be said of Parents, who withhold their children, when they are ready to go, and who

have no field of usefulness at home? Where that exists, and they have unmistakeable domestic claims on their services, or a vocation in Home-Missions among the poor and suffering of their own people, it is mere idle will-worship, and a romantic desire of change, that tempts them to new, and not necessarily better, things. But, when they are sitting at home with folded hands, crushed by the conventionalities of home family-life, or are dragged along like slaves attached to the car of unprofitable Social Worldliness, Parents! Parents! if the Lord calls them, let them go! Early Death, Tedious Disease, some kind of misfortune, may hereafter come upon you for robbing the Master of his own. What happened to the Servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin?

The Missionary is undoubtedly the highest type of human excellence in the Nineteenth Century. He has the enterprize of the Merchant without the narrow desire of gain, the dauntlessness of the Soldier without the occasion for shedding blood, the zeal of the Geographical Explorer, but for higher motive than the advancement of Human Knowledge. The Missionary is the Salt of the Earth.

London, 1885.

II.

“SOME HEROES OF THE PAST.”

“The Lord said unto me: Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee, thou shalt speak.”—*Jeremiah* i. 7.

My subject on this occasion is not so much Africa, its people, its customs, and its misfortunes, as the Christian pioneers and their work, and to this I restrict myself. The missionaries cannot speak of themselves; it is the last thing that they would wish to touch upon, except to describe their shortcomings. The secretaries and managers of societies cannot speak of the whole class fairly, as of some they know too much, and of others nothing at all. We see them in the committee-room, when they are young and ardent for the fight, scarcely knowing the difficulties, with which they have to contend. We see them a few years on more thoughtful, more subdued and chastened, yet not less earnest; we see them still later on broken down, and unequal for further service in the field, yet still longing to laugh at the doctor and go back to their life's work. Some we never see again, for they remain where they fell. Many of them are men of high talent, who in secular professions might have achieved wealth and fame, or in the home Church might have risen to dignity and influence, but, smitten with the wondrous love of saving the souls of the heathen, they have gone forth, and fresh candidates for the holy office are never wanting. What is their motive?

A simple faith in the Word of the Lord who bought them. Wishing that my readers may carry away something, that may cling to their memory, I ask them to think of the famous eleventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, in which he traces back to Faith all the great events in the history of Israel, and I ask leave reverently to adapt his argument to the history of the pioneers of African missions.

By Faith the United Moravian Brethren at Herrnhut in Germany, more than a century and a half ago, were stirred up to send out a missionary to the poor Hottentots, who were treated as dogs by the Dutch colonists. By Faith George Schmidt at once offered himself to go out, and suffered hardship with a persecuted race, and, having been blessed by the conversion of a few, was forbidden to baptize them, and summarily sent back to Europe by men, who called themselves Protestants, and who were jealous of their own liberty. By Faith, fifty years later (1792), the United Brethren sent out three more missionaries, who founded the illustrious Mission of Genádendál, or Vale of Grace, on the very walls of the ruined house of George Schmidt, seven years after the great patriarch of African Missions had been called to his reward, dying—like Livingstone and Krapf—on his knees.

By Faith the London and Wesleyan Societies, the Established Church of England, the Free Church of Scotland, and the American Board of Foreign Missions, took up a share in the blessed work amidst other races of South Africa, and out of their ranks by Faith Moffat undertook to translate the Bible into the language of the Be-Chuána, Wilder into the language of the Zúlu, and

Boyce, Appleyard, and others into the language of the Ama-Xosa, or Káfir, languages deemed at the time to be incapable of expressing simple ideas, but which, deftly handled, proved to be apt exponents of every variety of human thought, with an unlimited copiousness of vocabulary and an unsurpassed symmetry of structure.

By Faith Moffat's son-in-law, Livingstone, abandoned his home, his chapel, and his school, and started off on his great Missionary progress, which was destined to illuminate all Africa south of the Equator. By Faith he bore up under the perils, the fatigues, the opposition, the bereavement of his dear wife, who sleeps on the shore of the Zambési. By Faith he worked his way to Benguela, on the west coast, Kilimáni on the east, and Nyangwé on the River Kongo to the north, discovering new rivers, new lakes, new tribes, and new languages. From the drops of sweat, which fell from his limbs in these great travels, have sprung up, like flowers, Christian Missions, founded by men of different denominations, and different views of Church government, but united in the fear of God, the faith in Christ, love of Africa, and veneration for Livingstone. To the impulse given by this great apostle must be attributed the Missions of the Established Church of Scotland at Blantyre, the Free Church of Scotland at Livingstonia, the London Society on Lake Tanganyika, and the Universities Mission at Zanzibar. Add to these the gigantic enterprises of the Church of Rome. In an interview which some years ago I had at Tunis with Cardinal Lavigerie, to implore him to locate his Equatorial Missions at a certain distance from stations occupied by Protestants, to which he agreed,

he spoke with admiration of Livingstone. But to this servant of God it was not conceded to see one single fruit of all his labours. He saw no Mission spring up; like Moses, he only beheld the promised land from Pisgah; he died without knowing of the secret of the source of the Nile and the Kongo. But even after death he seemed to have power to charm and to conquer, for by Faith his bones were conveyed by his faithful Africans to the sea-shore, from Ilála on Lake Bangweolo, where he died, along a route never traversed before, as if the great discoverer had power to add to geographical knowledge after his death, and the great philanthropist wished to leave a lasting proof that the natives of South Africa can be faithful and loyal, and capable of high enterprises, if they are kindly treated.

By Faith Krapf and Rebman sat year after year at the watch-tower of Mombása, waiting till the day should dawn, calling to each other, "Watchman, what of the night?" writing home descriptions of vast lakes, and snow-capped mountains on the Equator, causing themselves to be derided both as missionaries and geographers; yet they lived to be honoured in both capacities, they lived to see the day dawn at last, to hear of Frere Town being established as a station for released slaves at Mombása, to hear of those internal seas being navigated, and that snow-capped mountain being visited. In his old age Krapf in tearful gratitude read Henry Stanley's challenge, which rang with trumpet-sound from the capital of U-Ganda, and was gallantly answered by the Church Missionary Society, and he lived to hear of the great Apostle's Street, which by Faith he had suggested, being

carried out from Zanzibar to the Great Lakes, to be extended westward down the Kongo, until hands are shaken with the Baptist missionaries working up that River from the west.

By Faith the good Baptist Society established themselves in the island of Fernando Po, and, driven thence by the intolerance of the Spaniards, they crossed over to the mainland, and found what seemed once, but alas! is no longer, a more enduring inheritance in the Kamerún Mountains. By Faith here Saker lived, laboured, and died, translating the Holy Scriptures into the language of the Dualla, but leaving his work to be revised by his young daughter, opening out a new field for the talent and zeal of women. Hence in fulness of time by Faith Comber started to conquer new kingdoms on the Kongo, making, alas! the heavy sacrifice of the life of his wife at San Salvador, before he reached Stanley Pool with the great heart of Africa open to his assault, for in their hands the Baptist missionaries had carried gentle Peace, and their vessel with that name still carries them onward on their blessed and peaceful enterprise.

By Faith our good brethren in North America were among the first to send out their agents to West and South Africa to pay back the debt which they owed, and to atone for the wrong which their forefathers had inflicted. The sun was thus taken back to the East to lighten those sitting in darkness. Each and every one of their Churches by Faith have vied in the desire to found strong Missions, translate the Holy Scriptures, and to press forward education, civilization, and evangelization.

By Faith the holy and humble-hearted Protestant

churches on the Continent of Europe, less amply endowed in material resources, but more richly in intellect, industry, and self-consecration, have sent forth a golden stream of missionaries from the centres of Basle and Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland; of Barmen, Bremen, Berlin, Herrnhut and Hermansburg, in Germany; from Norway, Sweden, Finland and France, to hold the fort in the most exposed situations, to suffer imprisonment, to achieve great literary works, to found living churches, and attract to themselves the affections of the African. The names of the devoted men and women, who have died at their post, may not be known in England, but are written in the Book of Life.

By Faith Samuel Crowther was rescued from the captivity, into which he, like Joseph, had been sold by his brethren, was restored to his country, to be no longer a slave, but a teacher, a leader, a benefactor, and an example; by Faith he was set apart to give the lie to the enemies of the African, to stultify the idle taunt, that a negro is incapable, by his nature, of culture, piety, honesty, and social virtues; by Faith he was raised up to mark an epoch in the sad chronicle of his persecuted race, and to be the firstfruits of the coming harvest of African pastors and evangelists. By Faith his son Dandeson Crowther and Henry Johnson were blessed with the great grace of being allowed to tread in his footsteps.

If any of my hearers desire to know the real worth of the African missionary, let them read the lives of Mrs. Hinderer at Ibadan, and Mrs. Wakefield at Ribé, and of many other noble men and women, of whom this self-seeking world is not worthy, who have left comforts

at home to labour among the Africans ; who, in spite of overpowering maladies, have been, like Hannington, unwilling to leave the country of their choice, and determined to return in spite of the warning voice of their doctor, or who have died as good confessors, counting not their lives worthy, but to fill up what remains of the sufferings of Christ. Such lives, in their simple eloquence, cannot fail to chasten the proud heart, to drive out selfish egotism, and to sustain the sinking spirit ; they leave a ray of tender light behind them, showing that the age of chivalry, and of self-abnegation, has not entirely passed away ; that the nineteenth century, in spite of its worldliness and infidelity, is still able to supply crusaders to fight the battle of our Master.

Hear some of the dying words of these soldiers of Christ. In the hour of death all things are terribly real. There is no room for deception or false enthusiasm there. I have selected these words without distinction of country or denomination, but their number might be multiplied indefinitely. Arrhenius, the Swede, had only a few months of labour in the Galla country after years of preparation for his duties : his last words were, "Jesus, help me ! Jesus, help me ! Amen." Prætorius, the Swiss, was sent out for a few months' inspection of the Missions on the Gold Coast : he called upon me on his way out, and promised to call again on his return ; but after a few weeks in Africa he fell. His last words were, "Is it true that I am going home to-day ?" Among the smaller English missions, the Livingstone-Kongo stands conspicuous for its overflowing of zeal, and life, and promise, and of all its agents young McCall was the brightest ; but he was struck down in mid-work. His last words

were recorded by a stranger who visited him. Let each one of us lay them to our hearts. "Lord, I gave myself, "body, mind, and soul, to Thee. I consecrated my whole "life and being to Thy service, and now, if it please Thee "to take myself, *instead of the work which I would do for "Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done.*" He had hoped that his destined course might have been among the brave and strong, to toil with high purpose in the service of the African; but God had chosen another part for him, and, as a true Christian, he recognized that God had chosen it well, and no weak murmurs escaped the lips of one who was ready to live or ready to die. Golaz, of the French Mission to Senegambia, as well as his young wife, died within the year after their arrival: his farewell words were, "Do not be discouraged if the first "labourers fall in the field. *Their graves will mark the way "for their successors, who will march past them with great "strides.*" Pinkerton, of the American Mission in Zúluland, was ordered to lead a new Mission into Umzila's kingdom: he conveyed his wife and children to North America, and returned joyfully to his task. He met with many obstacles and rebuffs, but at length found himself well on the road. His last written lines were to his wife, "The future will "bring its needed light, and work, and solace. My thoughts "turn sadly to you and our children. *All well. We go "right on.*" It was to him indeed all well, for in a few days he breathed his last sigh alone in the African jungle: he had gone right on into Glory. With such men (and these few are but types of many) Africa and the whole world can be conquered. Such deaths are great victories. Such words tell us that some portion of us is immortal. These confessors saw the promises afar off, and were

persuaded of them, confessing that they were strangers and pilgrims, and desiring a better country, that is a heavenly.

Time would fail me to tell of Schlenker, and Reichardt, and Schön; of Goldie and Edgerley; of Casalis, Mabile, and Coillard; of James Stewart of Lovedale, and his namesake on the Nyassa; of Grant and Wilson; of Ramseyer and Christaller; of Mackenzie, the bishop who died on the River Shiré; and of Steere the bishop, who sealed up the translation of the last chapter of Isaiah ready for the printer, and then fell asleep at Zanzibár; of Wakefield and New; of Mayer and Flad; of Southon, the medical missionary, who died at U-Rambo; of dear Mullens, who could not hold himself back from the fight, and who sleeps in U-Sagára; of many a gentle lady's grave, for women have never been found wanting to share the honour and the danger of the Cross.

I have seen and known so many of them. A few weeks before we were holding sweet converse, and then the tidings of the death of some one of them came floating back by letter or telegram. They had indeed all gone into a far country, and to me they seem to be all there still; and, when I am musing about Africa, or hunting up some point connected with that country, and I look up from my paper to my African library, the forms of departed friends seem to enter at the open door, and I seem to see their faces again, and to ask them their opinion. Young Rivière, a Jesuit priest, who had been driven out of Algeria, and taken refuge in North Wales, used to correspond with me about Africa. One day he called upon me in London, and told me that he had received his orders to start at once to the Zambési Mission-field, to take the place of a dead colleague. He promised to write to me from Tété,

and to clear up many questions for me ; but he never reached his destination, for he sank under his first attack of fever at the mouth of the Zambési. Differing as I do from the Church of Rome in every principle and detail of their evil system, I can still recognize and thank God for the zeal, and love of souls, and total abnegation of self, which distinguishes her missionaries. Oh, when they are such, would that they were ours !

I often think of that famous scene in one of Walter Scott's romances, where the clansman and his seven sons all fell for their chieftain, stepping forth gladly into the gap, and crying, "One more for Eachim." So it is with the reserve forces of missionaries. "One more for Christ." And how much better to have young lives and treasure spent by the Missions in trying to save African souls, than wasted by the English nation in slaughtering the unoffending and undaunted freemen of the Súdán, for the purpose of maintaining an imaginary prestige of having the strength of a giant without the grace of knowing how to use that strength as a Christian. Wherefore, seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and press forward more and more upon our bounden duty and service to evangelize Africa. We owe this debt to those who have gone before, that they should not have died in vain. The missionary is indeed the most glorious outcome of the nineteenth century ; the honest God-fearing man in the darkest corner of this earth, where he is most wanted, to represent the highest type of Christian patience and morality—

Oh ! that we now had there
But one ten thousand of those men in England
Who do no work to-day !

London, 1883.

III.

SOME HEROINES IN THE FUTURE.

“Male and Female created He them.”—*Genesis* i. 27.

“The kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.”—*Matthew* xiii. 33.

Half the population of India, or about one hundred and twenty-five millions, are women. There, as in other parts of the world, the women are most easily influenced by religious convictions, and to them is confided the control of the tender years of the male population; and, though women in India do not appear in public, it is a mistake to suppose, that within the walls of their home their influence is not very great, for good or for evil. From time immemorial, in Northern India, women have been secluded either absolutely within brick walls or debarred by understood etiquette from holding conversation with the other sex. I remember an old Native gentleman, who had travelled much in India, remarking that it would be better to lose one's way on a journey than ask it of a woman, as it might involve the traveller in trouble. Nor do I think that it is either likely or desirable, that for some generations the rule should be broken: it might lead to greater evils. Women are exceedingly troublesome in courts of justice, when they break through the barrier of custom, and appear either as plaintiffs or witnesses. Until a great change comes over the structure of Indian society in Northern India, it is as well that in

railways, and in churches, as they are in schools and hospitals, the sexes should be separated, and a decent reserve maintained by men in alluding to their existence.

Noble efforts have been made during the last quarter of a century by special Societies to approach the women in cities and towns, where they are absolutely secluded. The Female Medical Missionary has appeared, to the delight and admiration of all. Female Teachers, and that blessed combination of syllables, "the Bible Woman," and the Scripture Reader, the house-to-house Visitor, the Composer of Tracts and Stories specially for the use of women, and other indirect channels of female influence, have come into existence. A recognized component part of a fully-equipped Mission is a "Female Evangelist."

Can Female Evangelists, gifted with power of utterance and equipped with spiritual knowledge, be found, and, if found, how can they be employed? Let us consider these points separately.

Now no one, who has attended religious meetings of late, can fail to be aware that a new power has come into existence, and a very sweet and healthy one. St. Paul may have set his face against women speaking in churches, but this scarcely comprises Prayer meetings, and village itinerations; and the teaching of the Old Testament is against such restrictions, as three of the most noble passages in the Old Testament proceeded from the lips of three women, Miriam, Deborah, and Hannah; and just in the dawn of the New Covenant the Holy Spirit spoke through the mouth of a woman, the Mother of our Lord, in strains of unsurpassed beauty and eloquence, showing unmistakably that God is no respecter of sexes. The

Revisers of the Old Testament have done good service in communicating to the public the right interpretation of Psalm lxxviii. 11: "The Lord giveth the Word: the women that publish the tidings are a great host." This was long well known to Hebrew scholars, though the Revisers of 1611, for reasons best known to themselves, entirely lost sight of the correct interpretation. However, the fact is now made known most opportunely; but it presupposes the existence of natural gifts, and a careful instruction. Female Evangelists can be found, natural gifts can be developed, and suitable instruction can be conveyed in such blessed centres of spiritual light as Mildmay; and, further, the sooner this measure be adopted the better. I summon into the field a new army of soldiers, an auxiliary force, to supplement the regular forces in the field.

Then comes the question, How can they be employed? I have myself lived many years alone in the villages of Upper India, and marked the habits of the people. To the English ruler, in the midst of his subject-people, all things are possible, if he evince sympathy and love and respect for their customs, and a tolerance for their religion. He may do pretty well what he likes, within the limits of honour and virtue, if he does it in a Christian way; but he soon finds out that the people, though they know him and confide in him, would rather that he did not enter their homes, or talk to their women, old or young, or even allude to them in conversation. It is contrary to the etiquette of the country, and their feelings would be hurt, if he did so. The bystanders would titter, if he asked a friend after his wife's health.

In the villages there is no absolute seclusion; but a decent woman would veil herself, or turn her face to the wall, or beat a retreat, if, in the road or street, she came suddenly upon men. The missionary must feel the same difficulty, and perhaps more intensely, as he is not so well known, and is not surrounded with the prestige of authority. The Female Evangelist will find her work in the villages all ready for her.

The attempt has already been made with wonderful success in Northern India. In the Monthly Periodical of the Church of England Zánana Society are most sweet and encouraging letters. One from the pen of Miss Tucker (A. L. O. E.) speaks to the heart, as she expresses her own feelings. As I read it, the same feeling comes over me, a desire to be young again, and back again among my own people, the inhabitants of the Panjáb, among whom I lived so many years, alone and happy, in spite of war and tumult. It was part of our system, that the district officer should dwell in tents amidst his people, without guards, ruling by moral influence and the feeling of gratitude for benefits received. I can conceive no happier life, when in the employment of an earthly ruler: how much more so when in the service of our King! Memory goes back gladly over the interval of thirty or forty years to the white tent pitched in the outskirts of the village in the mango-grove, where I have passed laborious hours, devoted in sincerity and single-mindedness to the benefit of the people, who crowded round their alien, and yet beloved, ruler. I recall the evening-walk with a long train of followers through the streets and the gardens, down by the stream or over the heather. I

hear again the cry of the peacock, the cooing of the doves, and the barking of the dogs. I see again the slanting rays of the sun shedding glory through the grove, the white figures glancing through the shade, the rows of elephants, horses, and camels. Oh, that I could be young again, and go forth to be an evangelist, where once I was ruler and judge, and earthly providence, to contented millions! I can at least encourage others to go.

I do not admit for a moment, that the villagers of Northern India, scores of whom I have known and loved, are in a state of moral darkness beyond that of European nations, who know not Christ. If this were the case, the Courts of Law, Civil and Criminal, would have disclosed it. I have decided thousands of cases, and not discovered it. But these villagers are in a moral twilight, and the Sun of Righteousness has not risen before their eyes. If the Holy Spirit speaks to their consciences (and does it not speak?), it is with a muffled and half-audible voice. Are they to blame? No Evangelist or Prophet has ever come to them: for long ages they have been left outside the influences of any Soul-revival.

To the village-women the appearance of a Female Evangelist must be as it were the vision of an Angel from Heaven: to their untutored eyes she appears taller in stature, fairer in face, fairer in speech, than anything mortal that they had dreamt of before: bold and fearless, without immodesty: pure in word and action, and yet with features unveiled: wise, yet condescending to talk to the ignorant and the little children: prudent, and self-constrained, yet still a woman, loving

and tender. In Hindú Annals the Poets have written about Sitá and Damiyanti, and painted them with the colour of every earthly virtue, showing that they knew what a virtuous woman should be, yet such as they never appeared to the sight of poor village women, even in their dreams, until suddenly their eyes, their ears, and their hearts seem to realize, faintly and confusedly, the Beauty of Holiness, when they begin to hold converse, only too brief, with their sweet and loving visitor, who, smitten with the wondrous desire to save souls, has come across the Sea from some unknown country to comfort and help them. Short as is her stay, she has, as it were with a magic wand, let loose a new fountain of hopes, of fears, and desires: she has told them, perhaps in faltering accents, of Righteousness and Judgment, of Sin, Repentance, and a free Pardon, through the blessed merits of a Saviour. This day has Salvation come to this Indian Village!

It is notorious that the supply of male agents, both spiritual and secular, falls far short of the demand. All the Missions are below the normal and necessary strength. What is to be done? My suggestion is: "Make a fuller use of women. Call upon that sex, which no longer deserves the conventional epithet of *the weaker*, or *less wise*, to supply the vacuum and stand in the gap." But they must have precisely the same allowances, be provided with similar accommodation, and placed on the same footing as the male Missionary. The Missionary's wife is no doubt as much a Missionary in theory and practice as her husband, but her hands are very full already. The proposal to employ special medical women, and special educational women, and special

Bible-women, has been accepted, and is part of our system. I rejoice that I was the fortunate suggestor at the Bible House of the measure with regard to Bible-women. It has been found most acceptable everywhere. In some Missions, combinations have been made by the Missionary Societies and the Bible Society, under which a class of Bible-selling Evangelists, both male and female, is coming into existence. All the lines seem to be converging in this direction. I am merely formularizing, and bringing forward in a general and popular form of description, a method which is already in practice, and which harmonizes with the tendencies and the requirements of the age, as well as the aspiration of godly women, who desire to take their full share in the work of their Lord. Hitherto they have been kept in the second rank, or even left behind in the tents in charge of the stuff. The order has gone forth, "Up, women, and at them!"

For a great part of my life I have been in authority, with scores of male agents, European and Native, under my orders, and I have always insisted upon training as a condition precedent. An untrained servant, however honest, well-intentioned, and willing, is of comparatively little use. A Woman's Board of Management is essential to the selection, training, and control of female agents. Set a woman to manage women. That Board must be strictly of the Church of England, and no female agent should be entertained without the approval of that Board. We have a Medical Committee for our medical requirements; a Clerical Committee for selection of Missionaries; a Financial Committee for our Finance. The female agent is a

speciality, the diagnosis of which exceeds the skill of the surgeon, the clergyman, or the financier. The matter is too high for the Lay Committee without professional advice. The second step is that female agents must be trained at Mildmay, or some establishment as efficient, as blessed, as prolific in good fruit. We spend annual thousands in our College at Islington, and no money is spent to a better purpose: let us not grudge what is required to refine, and place the mint-mark of training and instruction, on that purity, and consecrated talent, and that life-devotion, which is better than fine gold. I am more and more convinced that the spiritual side of a missionary's duty depends as much upon training and godly instruction, as it is admitted on all hands with regard to the medical and educational side. I look with misgiving upon the haphazard mode in which female agents have hitherto been supplied. It is wonderful that that they have been as good and efficient as they undoubtedly are. The epoch for the simple, God-fearing, Scripture-loving, but otherwise uninstructed, Missionaries, whether man or woman, is past. Arms of precision are required to fight the Lord's battles.

The disparity of the number of the sexes in this country is notorious. In every town there is a sweet superfluity of women, to whom a vocation is not marked out, or sought for in vain, or at least not found. Endowed with talents, education, and spirituality, they stand, as it were, in the market-place of this great world, seeking employment. The brothers have gone forth in their prime to fight the Queen's battles, or carry on the great Life-war in the ranks of their contemporaries. The sisters remain

at home. The simple round, the common task may be sufficient where there is a round, and there is a task. But many even in early life have outlived the natural ties, which held them to the spot where they were born, and they stand wistfully, and with weary spirit, looking out into the dim and remote future, with the inaudible cry of the heart: "My life, what shall I do with it? Lord, "what wilt Thou have me to do?" The dove, let loose from the Ark, finds no place on which it can rest its foot, and returns in despair.

In the middle ages, or in Roman Catholic countries, such flowers would be left to bloom away, undesired and unprofitable, in the sealed garden of the Convent: such nobility of character, such fervency of devotion, such capacity for God's work, would be crushed by an idle ritual of Chapel-services, or be allowed to burn itself out as foolishly, as vainly, as the waxen tapers on the Altar. In Protestant Countries there is an opening for better things. The tending of the sick bed in the Hospital, the soul-introspection during the midnight watch betwixt the dead and the dying, is a better chastisement of the proud and egotistic spirit than the self-inflicted lash of the Abbess and the Nun. The conveying of the Gospel-blessings from village to village in India is more pleasing and profitable than the cold, cheerless chaunt of the midnight Mass, where Sanctity is only to be purchased by Idleness.

Some may fall, and some have fallen by the Roadside, as they enter the Vineyard, or before even they have stretched out their hand to the tending the Vines. The Lord considers the will, not the deed, and, if the Soul's

desire is to serve the Master, what matter whether He recalls the servant in the morn, or at noon, or at sunset, or whether He prefers the servant to the work which that servant proposed to do? And, if the summons comes in a far country, what matter whence the enfranchised soul takes its flight? Some may die in the carefully guarded home of their earthly parents: some in the solitary rest-house in India: some in the round straw hut in Africa. This is but the mode of transition. The object and end of the Life's labour and journey is the same.

“And the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”—*Matthew* xxv. 4.

“I beseech thee also, good yokefellow, help these women, *for they laboured with me in the Gospel* whose names are in the book of life.”—*Philippians* iv. 3.

London, 1885.

IV.

SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Chance led my steps one Sunday evening to the door of a Native Christian Church belonging to one of our Missions at one of the largest towns in India. The bells were chiming from the tower, that sweetest of sounds: the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of five, and the congregation were flocking in at the door, men, women, and children. There was something soothing in the sight: a dream of the past came over me, of the absent and of home, associated with feelings of religion and purity. My better spirit triumphed; my worldly vocations were forgotten, and joining the simple crowd, with uncovered head and reverential feelings, I entered.

It has been mine to sit in the Churches, and join in the worship of many branches of the great family of Christians, in far and distant countries, in divers and sundry languages, in the cold and formal worship of Northern, in the ardent and demonstrative adoration of Southern Europe, in the evangelical devotions of the Reformed Church of England, in the dark and unsightly oratories of poor degraded Syria; but though many years a resident in India, this was the first time that I had joined in the prayers of the chosen few of those millions, whose destinies we govern.

The building was handsome and appropriate. Art had lent its assistance to the decoration of the House of God, but with simplicity: there was that which was sufficiently

distinctive from the ornaments of ordinary houses to recall wandering thoughts to a recollection of the place: but there was nothing calculated to transform the House into a Temple, or to lead weak minds to suppose that the *dead walls* constituted Christ's Church, and not the living persons of the congregation. Here at least no pride or pomp of circumstance disfigured the equality of the worshippers; no shining emblems of ephemeral station dishonoured the assembly; the floor sounded to no clank of martial tread; the sun, as it streamed through the windows, lighted on no dazzling insignia or scarlet trappings: in this assemblage, he that was the least was even as the greatest.

I looked down the nave with interest and heart-felt pleasure. According to the custom of Oriental Churches, the sexes were divided. On the one side the men and boys of the congregation: on the other the matrons, young women and children. Nearly all were clothed in white; the men were bareheaded as well as barefooted, the reason for which I did not understand, such not being the practice of Oriental Churches elsewhere, and manifestly inconvenient, and as such to be avoided. The women had their heads decently covered in the folds of their scarves. I saw many sweet expressive countenances, not fearing, in the simple confidence of female virtue, to look in the faces of their husbands, their parents, and their acquaintances, proud of the conceded privilege of equality with their helpmates, with hopes for the future dependent on their own exertions; shrinking from no recollections of a past stained by corruption and degradation. Christianity, if thou hast done this alone, restoring the

modest blush of innocence to conscious and fearless virtue, thou art the Benefactor of our Race!

But the service has commenced; a kind hand supplies me with the Book of Life, and the Book of Prayer; and that language, which had hitherto been familiar to me only as an expression of the evil passions of the governed, and the hard regulations of the Ruler, was now for the first time the vehicle to my ears of praise and prayer. Dissociated from their familiar words, which are merely the outward tenements of the inward spirit, the moving Admonition of the Minister, the humble Confession of the People, the Absolution, complete, but conditional, came back to my senses as an old strain of familiar music, long heard, and often from the loved and revered lips of my Father; now first fully felt, when ringing from the chords of a new and hitherto untried instrument. Many are the languages of men, one the language of God. How is it, that the voices of the children, responding in their deep and ringing chorus (though the words are in a strange tongue), bring back so truly, so vividly, forgotten Sabbaths and distant Churches? Is it that there is but one sound for prayer and praise, that human penitence can be expressed but in one tone? Is it thus that the loud Hosannahs of the denizens of the earth will be collected in one joyful chorus at the day of the Second Coming? Is this the cry of the Cherubim and Seraphim? I was struck and delighted by the devout and attentive behaviour of the congregation: when two or three are thus joined together, He will surely be in the midst of them.

The Psalms and First Lesson were omitted, that the

Service might not be too long, and at the close of the Second Lesson followed the Sacrament of Infant Baptism; and now I became aware of another feature of order in this well-arranged congregation, which from the position of my seat had hitherto escaped my observation. In front of the Font, but with their backs turned towards, and concealed from, the rest of the Church, sat with solemn, thoughtful and reverent faces those in whom the Spirit of God was working for their Salvation: they were *in* but not *of* our body; they were candidates, awaiting Baptism when they had passed their ordeal, and by their consistent conduct in the *past* had given earnestness for the *future*: seated they were in front of the Font, the waters of which were to them for a season denied, while they beheld the new-born babe, unconscious of all taint, even that of hereditary sin, admitted before their eyes into the Covenant, which they were commencing to appreciate. Never till then had I fully recognized, or been sufficiently thankful for, the blessing of being born of a Christian stock, with no fiery ordeal to go through; no parents, friends and all to desert for His sake; no sad, mournful, but beloved and regretted associations of the past to look lingeringly back upon; no doubtful, scorned and opprobrious future to anticipate. I felt that they had something to wish for, which I had already in possession; something, for which they paid a great price, but which to me was a birthright, not the right of being an Englishman, but the privilege of being born a Christian. But great will be their reward. Christian children of Christian parents! feel for them, and do not in your pride despise the weak and failing brother!

Two infants were presented to be baptized; their swarthy little faces peeping out of their white garments, and contrasting strangely with the fair hand and face of the Minister. Here the white man appeared in his true and proper dignity! not the exterminator, the stranger, the ruler by a strong arm, the enforcer by arbitrary laws, the one that is bowed down to, and yet shunned in the streets; that is openly courted, yet secretly scoffed at and despised as unclean: here I saw the race of the Anglo-Saxon bestowing on their subject people a greater skill than the science of arms, a greater miracle than the triumph of manufactures. We are a mighty, strong, and wise people: we have conquered countries unknown to the Romans; we have measured the paths of the Heavens with a far-distending radius denied to the Greeks: the achievements of our present surpass the wonders of their past; but here we spontaneously convey to our subjects that treasure, of which they knew not, but which in the midst of our wealth we value the most: that strength, to which they never arrived, but which in the midst of our pride is our greatest glory, the shame of the Cross, and the sure Promise of Salvation. Who is the lowest in the eyes of the world amidst the congregation? Upon whom have the doubtful gifts of fortune fallen with abundance? the Minister takes the child of either in his arms, and signs him with that sign, of which he ought never to be ashamed.

The sponsors knelt reverently round, and made their answers with feeling. I looked into the features of these men, to see if any hidden sign would betray a difference between him and his heathen brother, any flash of intelligence sparkle from the eye of the mind which

had comprehended such truths. There was none. He that readeth the heart will judge what it is forbidden for man to know.

Then followed the three Collects, the Prayer for the Queen, the Royal Family, the Clergy, Parliament, and all conditions of Men, and I wondered, as I saw the lips of the women and girls articulating the words Victoria and Albert, what idea they connected with the same, what strange pictures they had drawn in their simple minds of the Royal Couple, and the little Shazadah: I could almost have wished that the prayer of native congregations were reserved simply for those in authority over them.

After the Prayers followed a Hymn, sung by the congregation to the accompaniment of a Harmonium: the chaunt from the Hindustáni Hymn-book possessed apparently but slight poetical merit, but was well suited to the place, and well sung, showing that the Natives of the country have a full appreciation of the system of European music: but while the Hosannah was swelling up to the roof beams from these untutored lips, I beheld through the windows, which open to the ground, the cortége of a wealthy Raja sweeping by under the walls of the Church. I heard the rattle of his equipage, as every screw and bolt gave a music of its own: I could see from where I stood the ignorant wretch, this bloated abomination of a man, contemptuously smiling, as the voices of the congregation reached him: I saw the low truckling flatterer leaning over from the back seat, and with finger pointing to the building, and chuckling laugh, telling what I knew to be some false scandal, *his* version of what was going on in the interior. I saw the whole at a

glance, and comprehended it; but busy memory, roused by the incident, bore me back many a century to the "upper chamber of Troas," and to "the school of Tyrannus." I thought of the early Christians at Athens, at Corinth, at Ephesus, and at Rome: thus and thus, as this debased Raja now, did the noble Roman, the philosophic Greek, great in the power of science and arms, once ride by lolling in their bigá, perhaps talking flip-pantly of, perhaps discussing seriously the manners and customs of this new sect, these worshippers in the Catacombs. With them was the flatterer, and busy mocker, the sarcastic stoic, the lively atheist, the sycophantic eunuch, ready to tell ridiculous stories for these good easy men to believe. I thought of these things, and God forgive me, if *I* triumphed, when I dwelt on the triumphs of God's Revelations, and *anticipated new victories*. I have seen standing erect the sign of the Cross in the place where the early Christians fought after the manner of men in the Roman Amphitheatre: I have stood on the Areopagus to contemplate the ruins of the Parthenon, wondering how it looked when St. Paul spoke of Christ and the Resurrection: my voice has rung along the shores of Ionia, "Demetrius, surely thy craft is in danger: where is thy Great Diana of the Ephesians?" No sound is heard in reply but the splashing of the waves of the Ocean. Returning from the past, in the full confidence of Faith, I pondered on what would be the fate of the great and Anti-Christ city around me. Will not a day arrive when the gilded pinnacle of that Hindu Temple shining in the sun will be torn down, when the tapering minarets of that Mahomedan Mosque will be laid low? Will it

not be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of Judgment, than for this city, in which the Word of God is daily preached in the streets, in whose ears the bells of this Church are ringing weekly warnings for repentance? Will not the men of Nineveh rise up in judgment against them?

But the Hymn has been finished, and the Sermon commenced: no new-fangled theories, no polemical discussions, no metaphysical distinctions, no suggestion of Ritual observances, fell from the lips of the Reverend Pastor, who himself was one the Natives of India predestined to Salvation. I heard a father addressing his own children, expounding simple Scripture narrative with simpler applications. I turned back, and noticed the mouth opened in interest, the neck outstretched to catch each word: I saw children hanging on the familiar notes of the father. "We are told how Noah in obedience to divine authority built the Ark, how he and his family entered into it, and closed the door; how the wicked scoffed and jeered at him: how at length the rain *did* descend, the fountains of the deep *were* opened, the wicked utterly destroyed, but those few in the Ark saved. This Church, my brethren, is the Ark; over this city of unbelievers is impending the Deluge: hasten ye in." The page of Scripture further on supplies new motives, and fresh consolations. "We hear how Abraham, trusting in God, nothing doubting, left his country and kindred, things the nearest and dearest, to go he knew not whither: yet his Faith was rewarded. And ye, my Brethren, who have sacrificed the ties of home for His sake, if ye endure to the end, will ye not have your reward also?" No wide gulf

separates the Preacher from his hearers : if he propounds a subject interrogatively, the answer appears to burst from the lips of an eager listener, and receives no check. We feel that one and all have derived instruction from such expositions, and comfort from such counsels. Sincerely we pray that the words may rest grafted in our hearts, the peace of God on the congregation, as as they meekly and reverently disperse to their homes.

And who are the good, the great, men, who have wrought this wondrous work? Whose hands have offered this incense of sweet savour to the Most High? Who are those, who have taken the new Jerusalem from the Jebusites, and planted this new Canaan in the land of the Heathen? Who have kept together these ten righteous, if peradventure for their sake the sinful city may be spared? There sit they, the shepherds among their flock, the Christian warriors reposing with their armour off after the combat. By their sides are their good yoke-fellows, who have been their wives, their fellow-labourers, who have shared in the toil, and the victory. On their breasts are no proud insignia of battles that they have fought, of victories that they have won : but with a good fight they have carried the entrenchments of Sin and Satan, and have the *one* Cross engraved on their hearts. They have not sat on earthly judgment-seats, they have not collected the tribute of nations, but they will hereafter sit upon thrones judging the heathen, they will hereafter offer as the fruit of their life-labour a full harvest of redeemed souls. They have no precedence given them in mortal assemblies, but they will be reckoned among the Angels of Heaven. They have not controlled in the Courts of Human Justice the stormy struggles of man's

bad heart; but with the Gospel as their rule, they have guided the economy of the soul.

I never see a Missionary, but I blame my fate, that I am not of them. Are they not to be envied whose duties in this world harmonize with those of the next; zeal in their earthly vocations promoting, not, as with us, retarding, the work of their own salvation? They stand among the Heathen, as an ensign of what each of us values most: the General represents our victorious arms, the Governor our triumphs of administration, but the Missionary displays our virtues, our patience, our Christian charity, and shall we not be proud of him? I asked myself how is it that so few of England's learned and pious sons select this profession. The vision of one man from Macedonia took St. Paul across the Hellespont, and will no one cross the Indian Ocean for the millions, not in vision, but in reality? Will no young Augustine spring up to repay the debt of the Occident to the Orient, to bring back the Sun to the East? Had I life to begin again, this would be my choice: the glories and profits of other professions are but as vanity. We have fought battles: they are scarcely known beyond the narrow limit of the echo of the cannon. We have ruled over Provinces: our fame is as soon forgotten, as we are gone. But should we have saved souls, a long line of Christians will carry back the legends of their family to our era, and entwine our names with the golden thread of grateful thanksgiving! Who remembers the Generals, the Proconsuls of the time of the Cæsars? Who remembers not the Apostles?

Thence glanced my thoughts to the early converts, those who had borne the heat of the day, on whose foreheads I

could trace the lines of sorrow and early affliction (for the chain of the world is still dear to us) softened, yet not effaced, by the sweet smile of Faith and resignation. Perhaps in the records of this Church will be handed down, as household words, the names of these early saints, who, when Christianity was young, forsook all things for His sake. When far and wide over this beautiful, and to me beloved, Indian land, in village and in town floats the ensign of the Cross amidst a Christian people, then on many a Sabbath evening, when young and old are gathered together for reading and meditation, will their tale be told: old men will point to ruined temples, and tell to wondering ears, how once Idolatry existed in this land: soft, tender, womanly cheeks will be stained with tears at the sufferings of these St. Stephens; young, manly hearts will glow in sympathy with the intrepid bravery of the Indian St. Pauls.

We are standing on the threshold of mighty events: perhaps there may be some amongst us who will tarry till He comes. In the early Christian Church we can trace three stages; the first, when a few obscure men professed an unknown and unappreciated Faith, persecuted by fanaticism, and crushed by ignorance. Miracles had long since ceased; the gift of the Holy Ghost no longer visibly descended, but the second stage was soon arrived at, thriving congregations began to erect their heads amidst their neighbours, and maintain their rights, with the tacit allowance, if not the sanction, of the Government. Within three hundred years the Temple was hurled down, and the Cross erected in the Market-place.

A few months ago (1852) it was my fortunate lot to join in the Protestant worship of a few sincere and sturdy

Christians in an upper room at Nazareth : no preaching was allowed in the streets, no edifices were then dedicated to worship ; all was fear, trembling, and the possibility of oppression and outrage, but for the protection afforded by the English Consul ; here we have the first stage before our eyes. In the Church in which I now stand, I recognize the features of the second stage : the well-ordered congregation, the voice of the Preacher in the highways calling loudly to repentance, the modest tower rising up in the outskirts of the town, the bell calling cheerily to prayers, and this under the sceptre of England in her Colonies. Thrice happy England ! the extent of your conquests will be forgotten, for those of Gengis and Timúr have perished : but your Missions will never be forgotten, for they will have given religion to thousands, and the time will surely come, when the great idol of Banáras will be thrown down.

Who would not then be a Missionary, the Great King's Messenger, whose treasure is laid up in Heaven ? Those who cannot attain this high office must give of their wealth, must give of their pittance, must pray for them, as I did, as I followed the last of the congregation out of the door, thinking how sad would be the day, when, like Alexander, we shall have no more countries to conquer and convert : how happy for us to see so rich a harvest gladdening the heart of the Labourer in the Vineyard !

Banáras, August, 1852.

[P.S.—Thirty-four years have passed, and the work has prospered beyond human expectations.]